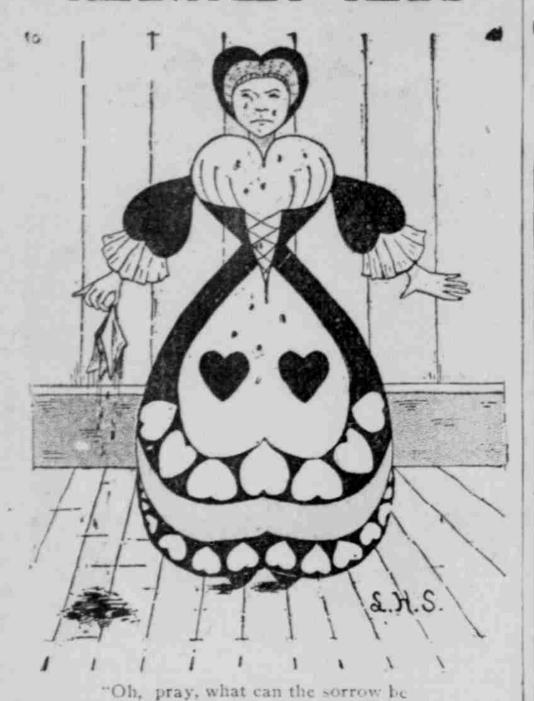
HEARTFELT TEARS



Men Known by Their Boats

That makes her weep apart?"
"Why don't you see? It's clear to me!
The lady is all heart!"

HERE are extremely few races of men in the world, however low in the scale, who do not use boats of, some kind. Indeed, the, manufacture of something that would float and support passengers or freight seems to have been one of the first forms that the art of construction took all over the

This was natural, for the first need that men had was to find a way to carry their possessions to any distance. The invention of the wheel, that wonderful, perfect circular lever, did not come until many ages after man had emerged from a semi-animal state. In his early days he probably did not possess any means of transport except that of flat hurdles, which he had to drag himself, for primitive man had not begun to domesticate animals and teach them to do his work for them.

So the water offered the most striking means of transport; and once primitive man had observed how it floated heavy logs, it was only a step for him to squat on such a log and let the current carry him to a distance. Next he learned that he could guide the log with a branch by poling. Then he learned that, in the deep water where the branch could not reach bottom, he could push it against the water itself and so move his rude craft.

It was not long before he learned further that the wind would blow him, and the next step, therefore, was to hold something up in the air to catch the breeze. First this thing probably was a branch full of leaves. In the beginning, no doubt he held it up with his hands until some mechanical genius of those dim days discovered that it could be thrust into a crevice in the log.

Soon some other inventive man made the first real sail by substituting a piece of skin for the branch. That was about the limit that the art of navigation reached for a long time; the science of setting sails so

that a craft can steer into the wind and sail almost against it was not reached for many ages; and even today there are tribes that can sail only with the wind. They know nothing about "tacking" or "beating." Students of ethnology can tell by a glance at a boat what kind of race built it, for the boats of the world

are absolutely typical of their makers. Thus, in the Arctic regions, boats are made from a framework of walrus and whale bones and covered with the skins of seals. This boat is typical of regions without trees or shrubs.

As soon as one gets farther south where there is any wood at all, even though there be very little, the boats are made from it. The framework is of willow or cedar, and though the craft are still skin-covered, the

skin is that of trees instead of beasts. While the Arctic boat is fine of its kind, it shows no improvement through the centuries; but the bark boats show steady improvement in model generation after generation. With wood to work on, the boat builders of Canada and the northern United States developed their art wonderfully, so that all the science of civilization has not been able to produce a boat that is so well adapted to the American wilderness as is the bark canoe of the Indian. Indeed, the great inland boat building establishments of America are turning out canoes to-day by machinery that are not different except in minor points from the canoe of the old Iroquois.

Farther down south again, in the woodless country of the United States west of the Mississippi and in the country in the east, where communication by water was not as good as it was by land, the early boats are miserable affairs. The boat of the ancient denizens along the Missouri was a poor crate of thin sticks covered with bison hide. In the east of the United States, the boats were clumsy things, roughly dug out of trees, and known as "dugouts.

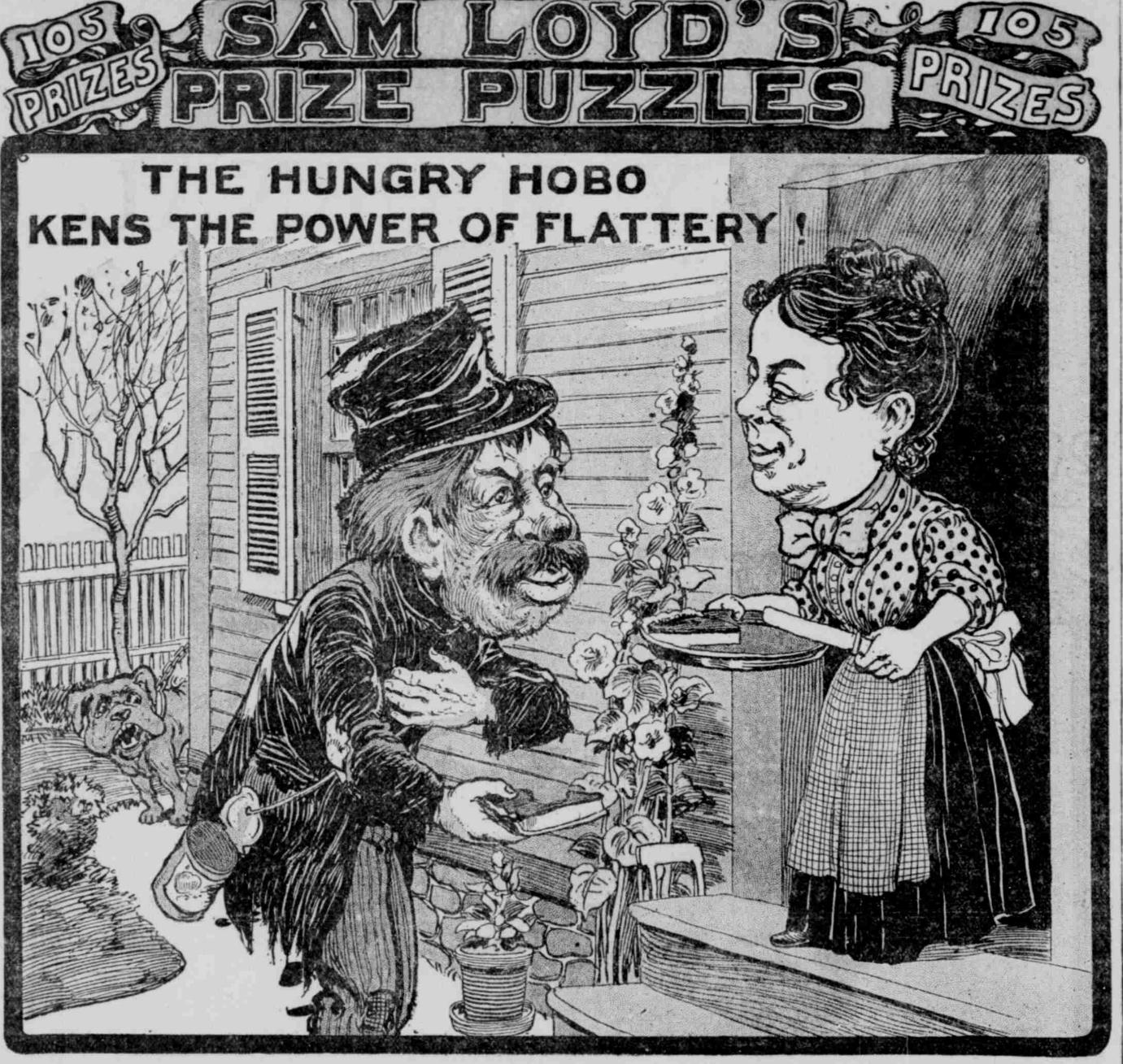
On the Pacific Coast the dugout was also used, but there it was shaped into a mighty craft, the tree being beautifully fashioned, and the boats being capable of making voyages of hundreds of miles over the open

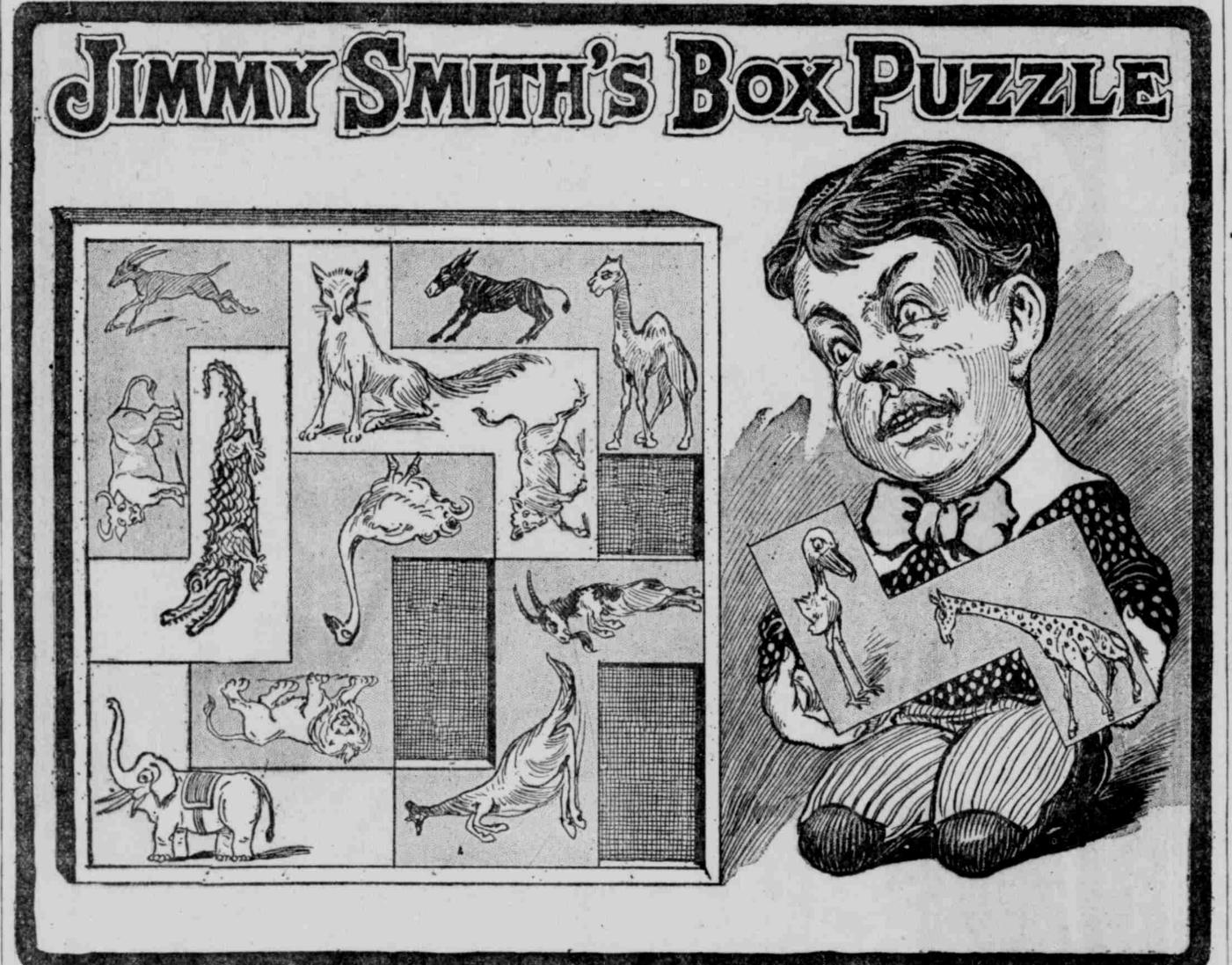
Through the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf a lighter and less substantial form of dugout was used; it made up in speed and buoyancy for lack of strength. Speed and buoyancy were just what was needed on the long, slow rollers of the sub-tropics.

In South America the barbarous Indians hidden away in the primeval forest did not rise to the height of digging a cavity into a tree. To this day the Amazon and Orinoco Indians go out on rafts or even on mere floats made of light reeds roughly lashed together.

Then the moment one goes farther south, to the vicinity of Cape Horn, he discovers the skin hoat again







The 105 prizes which will be awarded to those sending in the best answers to either or both of the two puzzles here shown will consist of five \$1 prizes and 100 copies of a book of ingenious and delightful puzzles. The tramp shown in the upper picture is trying to get a piece of pie by using his powers of flattery. In the sentence in the picture there is a

Harry's puzzle box, shown in the lower picture, is worrying him not and furs, come in with strange goods made out of bones a little. He got the box for a present and he has been told positively that and woods. If you look sharp you may see a Thibetan it is all right, but he cannot put the eight pieces back into the box correctly. white bones and the bones are those of a numan hand. Can you show him how to perform the simple feat?

THE SUN BIRD OF GUATEMALA

America. The quezal is so rare because, as the one-half feet beyond its body. tremely hard to catch or kill.

the coast, for the quezal bears cap-lawe than anything else.

is the most gorgeous. No more splen- entirely to the feathers of the quezal, there still stand wonderful ruins of overturned and the priests of the sun than a quezal, flying like a darting dress.

so deep and bright that every motion lers from the long tail. Then the birds to him. Yet he did not demand wor- master.

of the postage stamps of ing of rubies among the trees and harm It bears a true golden crown upon into an imperial cloak, and it was such He showed the women how to weave

beautiful bird is pictured. It its head-a helmet of bright yellow a cloak that dazzled the fierce Con- glorious fabrics of fibre and gold the quezal, or sun bird, hardly ever and green, shaped just as the helmets questadores when they saw the un- threads. He showed the children how seen outside of a very few high for- of the old Aztec kings were shaped. happy Montezuma ests in high mountains of Central Its tail is composed of lace-like The Aztec legend is that the quezal some form or another in Central plumes, extending more than two and arrived in America with the white sun America.

national bird of the country, it is pro- There is abundant reason for look; one day in a great sea shell. While he men grew wise, their houses became tected from hunters by the spirit of ing upon it as the royal bird of Guate- wandered through the land men for- beautiful and their children were hapthe people; and besides this, it is ex- mala, and, indeed, of all Central Amer- got to battle with each other; wher- py and good. Then, one day, the white Living specimens hardly ever reach a feeling that is more worship and crops; whenever he spoke the birds and he stepped into his seashell and

tivity so ill that the Guatemalans have When Montezuma met Cortez, he All through the ancient lands of Cen- all his glory, only the brave quezal' a legend, which they believe to this was garbed in imperial splendor that tral America, men can still follow his remained day, that the quezal's heart breaks in evoked the amazed admiration of all footsteps by the traditions and beauti- But soon men forgot what the white the Spanish army. And the magnifi- ful legends that are alive to-day. Of all the birds of the Americas, it cence of his raiment was due almost In the deep twilight of the forests, relled and fought. Temples were did sight is to be seen in all the world which formed the greater part of his marble and other quarried stones. were driven into remote places.

flame through the sombre depths of a In the days of the Aztecs, no man built long ago in forgotten time for priests, until at last no priest remained was permitted to wear the feathers of the white sun god. Its back is of a brilliant metallic the quezal except the Emperor him- He was beautiful and tall, and he mains, immortal, but never to be seen green, so vivid that it shines even in self. Once a year hunters were sent had an eye so calm and clear that men near man again. Like a lost soul he the twilight of the woods like a great out to catch quezals and gently re- lost their anger when it looked upon haunts the darkest woods and flees emerald, and its breast is a crimson move two of the most brilliant feath- them and could not choose but bend from those who so soon forgot his

god who came over the Pacific Ocean | For many years he remained, and ica, and the Indians still view it with ever he stepped the ground bore rich sun god heard a calling from the sea. sang as if their hearts would burst. I sailed far away into the sunset. Of

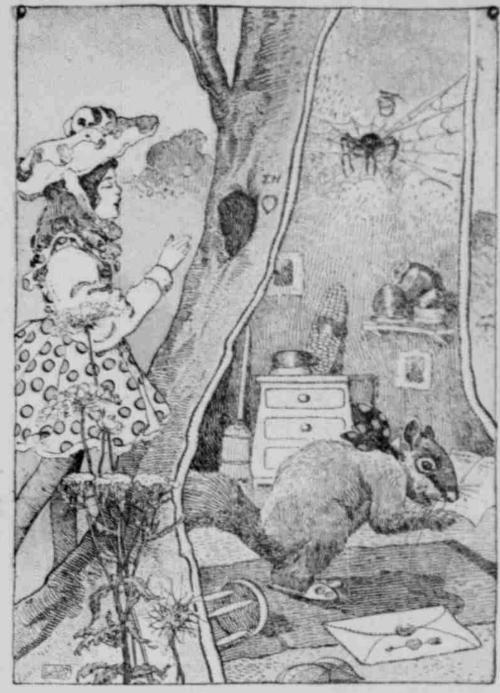
These were the temples that men Grieving, the quezal fled with the

to play games that are still played in

god had taught them and they quar-

alive; and now only the quezal re-

A NOTE TO MR. SQUIRREL



Where the tangled vines grow thickest In the deep and silent grove, And the Nature-children ramble And the vagrant chipmunks rove, Mr. Squirrel has his cottage-Just a little nest of oark, Lined with acorns and with grasses And inclined to be quite dark.

Free from work, he sat him smoking By his little kitchen light-Read of nut crops and the cabbage (Both of which appeared all right) When, down through an open window Fluttering, a letter fell. Mr. Squirrel gasped and took it Wond'ring what it had to tell.

"Mr. Squirrel," read the letter. "This is from a little girl, Who would ask of you acquaintance And whose head is in a whirl, While out walking in the woodland, Through your window I let fall, From my hair, a bow of ribbon, Which you could not use at all."

Mr. Squirrel tugged his whiskers In a puzzled sort of way, And he hemmed a sort of protest. For he knew not what to say. He had promised to be present At a Squirrel Club Affair, And the guests would all be stunning In their party garments there.

So he took him up a pencil And he wrote a message short, And he tossed it through the window With a bashful little snort. "Call to-morrow, little girlie, You shall have your bow all right. I should like to wear the ribbon At a Squirrel Ball to-night." -W. LIVINGSTON LARNED.

Himalaya's Queer Kingdom

TITH England pushing into Thibet at last, a little kingom in the Himalayas that is only half known to the world may rise into international prominence soon. It is the tiny kingdom of Nepal, which has held its own against China on the north and England's forces, on the south for many generations.

Nepal is the nation of the fierce and intelligent Gurkhas, who make the best of soldiers and are excellent rulers. They helped the British in the terrible Indian mutiny, and the Gurkhas, who are in the British Indian army now, are accounted as being among the best soldiers in the

The Gurkhas would rather fight than eat at almost any time, though Nepal has been peaceful for a long time now; but in 1791 the Gurkhas' love for fighting led them so far as to declare war against China by invading Thibet; and the Chinese Emperor, whose distinguished and expressive name was Kuen Lung, finally had to raise an army and march it into Nepal before he could beat the little nation, which didn't count 30,000 fighting men all

As a result of this war, the Nepalese have had to pay tribute to China ever since, and each year a caravan

starts for Pekin to bear it to the Emperor. The British had a little war with Nepal as recently as 1814, and the Nepalese didn't sue for peace till the English forces were within three days' march of the capital. Then a treaty was signed, and there has been great friendship ever since. The treaty provided that a British resident should be permitted to live in the capital with a small force of Indian sepoys. This is still in force, but the resident takes extremely good care not to meddle in the internal affairs of touchy little Nepal.

The capital town is quite a place, having 50,000 inhabitants. Its name is Katmandu.

Katmandu is a circus town in real life. You all know how, when the circus show begins or is near its close, there is always a grand flourish of all the trumpets in the band, and then the entire troupe crowds out in a pageant. Well, Katmandu streets have a pageant like that all the time. There are men armed literally to the teeth, for their swords are stuck in their belts, and they are so long that the hilts reach almost to their chins. Sheep sellers, dressed in skins, drive horses in laden with carcasses. Tartar traders, garbed in multi-colored rags rosary snuggled away at the girdle of a priest; it is of

Nepal is far away; but somehow, over many strange roads, handled by many queer races, passing through many wonderful places and experiencing many rare adventures, there go into it each year the produce of prosaic business-like Pennsylvania in the shape of kerosene oil; the crops of Georgia and other Southern States in N THE coat of arms and many of the wonderful creature is as a flash- were freed again without further ship; for he contented himself with the shape of cotton; the copper and brass were of smokteaching as he passed. He showed ing, busy Connecticut; and the yarns and printed fab-The feathers thus won were woven the men how to build great structures. rics of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.



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